

MUNYON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH

Colds, Coughs, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

LETTER FROM HAY

To Chairman Dick For Campaign Purposes Dissected.

"SPOONING" WITH ENGLAND.

What of the Hand of Administration in Alaskan Controversy?

LOYALTY OF DEMOCRATS IN THE WAR

"Benevolent Assimilation" as Offered by the President to the Filipinos Meant That the People Who Were Struggling for Their Independence From Spain Would Be Swallowed by the Trust-Scared Administration in Obedience to Philanthropy.

Of course, all Ohio has read the letter addressed to Chairman Dick of the Republican state executive committee by the Hon. John Jay Hay, secretary of state. It is not the trumpet call of a warrior mounted on a barbed steed to battle for his chief.

Perhaps while Colonel Hay wrote he recalled the fact that, before the president honored him by inviting him to the head of his council board, he had made the state department, as far as he could, a doubtful honor.

He had first used it as a political club with which to beat John Sherman to death, in order that the senatorial toga, which the latter had worn so long, might grace the aristocratic shoulders of Mark Hanna. Before Mr. Sherman had become accustomed to his new quarters in the state department, he was evicted in order that Judge Day might, for a time, be a mask behind which the president could himself be secretary of state.

But however formal Mr. Hay's letter is in its mention of the president, it is most loyal to the party to which he belongs. He lauds the Dingley tariff, and gives it all the credit of our enlarged foreign commerce, as well as our home industries. He admits that the great increase in our exports is due to the fact that we make better goods and sell them abroad at lower cost than other people.

Carnegie's Warning Overlooked. But he makes no mention of the warning from such practical men as Andrew Carnegie and ex-Senator Washburn of the danger to our export trade from the greed of trusts, which seem bent upon such an increase of prices as may kill the goose that is laying the golden eggs.

Of course Colonel Hay has his fling at the financial doctrines of the Democratic party, which are opposed to the gold contraction schemes of the money lenders of the world, to whom the Republican party long since made an assignment for the benefit of the subscribers to its campaign fund. Upon this subject Colonel Hay merely echoes the interviews which daily appear in the administration organs from administration officeholders, great and small, returning from their summer vacations. Borrowing from Colonel Hay's example, one might say "it is hard to exterminate a rooted tendency"—the proverb to say something about an animal that "knoweth its master's crib."

Colonel Hay loudly protests against the charge that the Republican administration favors an alliance with Great Britain. Whether all the "spooning" and other lovesick demonstrations which have been publicly going on so long have yet led to a secret marriage will be better known when the people are permitted to see the hand of the administration in the Alaskan boundary game now being secretly played.

Feelers are constantly being put out to see whether our people would be willing to give Great Britain the free use of an American port in Lynn canal in Alaska, first calling it a lease at a nominal rate. To do this would be as base a surrender of American interests as it would be to cede away Long Island or Cape Cod. What we would

like to hear Secretary Hay say in substance to the high officials of "the land of Shakespeare and of Milton," is this: "What Hay Should Write. "Dear Mr. Bull—We heartily appreciate your affection. Your right arm around our neck, and your very audible coddling assurances that we are right in entering upon an imperial policy like your own would warm us to ward your very much if you would have the kindness to take your left hand out of our 'top-coat' pocket, in which we carry our Alaskan possessions."

Let us hear from the state department more of American rights in this matter, and less of promises that "an amicable agreement shall be reached"—in the face of a British ultimatum for a slice of our Alaskan territory. It will not be "twisting the British lion's tail" to tell John Bull that he will not be allowed to steal our gum shoes from our hallway, nor to acquire ownership in our woodshed by sleeping there a single night without our permission.

Gently does the secretary of state roar against the trusts—"as gently as any nightingale." Having to his satisfaction disposed of the two alleged corpses of free coinage and free trade, he asks: "What is left in the way of a platform?" To this question he replies: "The reign of the trusts, which the Republicans can themselves manage, having all the requisite experience, both of legislation and business, and finally, the war," etc.

Republican Management of Trusts. We are disposed to concede Colonel Hay's claim "that the Republican party can manage the reign of the trusts"—which he bases on that party's "experience both of legislation and business." Certainly the ruling forces of the Republican party procured the legislation on tariff and on finance, on which the trusts have flourished and grown bold and powerful; and surely the trusts themselves, which hold in trust the Republican administration, can manage their own "reign" if the silly geese who are opposed to them are not taken into account in the future conduct of public affairs through the ballot box.

Thomas Carlyle, in his history of the French Revolution, after dwelling upon the freedom with which the French monarchy and its aristocratic retainers had ignored the rights of the people, as the sheep-shearers ignore the right of the sheep to their fleeces, drew a dark picture of the changed conditions when the sheep successfully undertook to have a voice on the subject of their shearing.

Colonel Hay's cheerful view of "the reign of the trusts," continued under the able management of the Republicans, is very likely to meet with as sudden a check as that which occurred to their kindred sheep-shearers in France. It will not be through a bloody revolution, but by the peaceful use of the ballot.

Colonel's Hay's reference to the war must refer to the war with Spain. He is too accurate a man to apply the term to the present miserable melee in the Philippines, where the pretense is made of suppressing an insurrection. He tells us then that the war with Spain has been too beneficial to the nation to suit the Democratic leaders. He speaks of the forbearance with which our nation watched so many years the Spanish cruelties in Cuba, and how, "when the state of things at our doors had become so intolerable, we took up our arms to redress wrongs already too long endured, without a thought in any mind of conquest or aggression."

Democratic Leaders Were Loyal. Colonel Hay can not make good the inference to be drawn from this—that the Democratic party or its leaders were lacking in patriotism during our war with Spain. The Democratic party was the war party when the destruction of the Maine by Spanish authority appalled mankind. While President McKinley was defending Spain from the outbreak of national wrath, and with hat in hand was assuring her that he had no suspicion of her being in any way responsible for the awful tragedy, the Democratic leaders were arousing patriotic public opinion, demanding redress, and properly treating the destruction of the Maine as an act of war on the part of Spain.

President McKinley, obedient to his syndicates and his trusts, which were dealing in Spanish bonds that a war might render worthless, resisted public opinion as he never had before, and will not willingly again, in a vain effort to make the American people submit to the outrage and leave Spain unmolested. When an investigation by a naval board demonstrated that the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of powerful implements of war, which only Spain could possess and control in the Spanish harbor at Havana, the president withheld the report from congress until he dared do so no longer, and until its transmis-

sion to that body was forced upon him to prevent an explosion of indignation which would not have been confined to the Democratic party. Right royally did the Democratic leaders and the Democratic masses sustain the government and uphold the flag during the war, and no one knows better than Colonel Hay that the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain was only made possible by the aid and support given to it by the "democrat, for whom six and a half million voters gave their votes in 1896 in opposition to William McKinley."

Our secretary of state will not venture to say that "war" now exists in the Philippines. There is no war, which the administration will recognize as such. They tell us that the hostilities there are between the insurgents and the government. Having nobly rescued the Filipinos from the tyranny of the Spanish crown, the president dickered with Spain for the right to play the tyrant in her stead.

Having conquered Spain in all her ocean possessions, and wrested them from her, he waived our right of indemnity, and meekly sued to Spain for the privilege of buying, with \$20,000,000 of American gold, her quitclaim deed to whatever she had been able to possess in the Philippines. The heroic administration which had been heroically pushed, by an irresistible wave of public opinion, into a war against Spain, suddenly turned its guns against the natives of the Philippines because they had dared to aspire to independence and had protested against being seized and enslaved in their homes.

Benevolent Assimilation Applied. Never for a moment did this syndicate-ridden and trust-scarred administration offer anything to the Filipinos but "benevolent assimilation." "We will swallow you," said our benighted president, "but we will do it in obedience to our philanthropy. You shall have as much to say about your own affairs as we think you can stand at some future time. We will decide when to stop owning you. It would be very injurious to you to be free and independent as we are. Our benevolent syndicates desire to 'assimilate' your mines, your forests of hard wood, your hemp fields, and your sugar and tobacco plantations. We can best manage them for you, and we can best govern you. You shall never be citizens until our trusts need votes of Malay senators and representatives to aid them in legislation for the benevolent assimilation of what is yet left to our citizens at home."

These were the inducements held out to the Filipinos to peacefully accept the sovereignty of the United States. This was the temper in which the president undertook to forestall congress, and, if possible, to commit this nation to an un-American and imperial policy, which it might be difficult for congress to uproot in the presence of the devastations of war unlawfully waged by the president of the United States in the hope of determining the political and civil status of the islands, which congress had the exclusive power to do.

Colonel Hay tells us that the Philippines are ours, and that we can not shirk the vast responsibility thus imposed without exhibiting a nervous pusillanimity. We have only the Spanish title to the Philippines, and the transfer has not yet the consent of the inhabitants of those islands. Suppose at the close of our revolutionary war, while yet Great Britain claimed sovereignty over the American colonies, she had sold them to our ally, France. The title might have been legal and France might have offered us "benevolent assimilation," but the colonies would have done just what the Filipinos are doing now.

Colonel Hay compares those of our citizens who remonstrate against the attempt of a Republican administration to enslave 10,000,000 of a colored race in the Philippines, with those who in 1861 opposed the war to suppress a rebellion which had been precipitated because Abraham Lincoln, an opponent of slavery extension, had been made president.

Colonel Hay can find no sentence ever uttered by Mr. Lincoln which can bring the slightest satisfaction to the mind of the present occupant of the White House in the useless and wicked war he is now making "for power, for plunder and extended rule" against 10,000,000 of people fighting for their own homes. If there is indeed an insurrection in the Philippines, it was caused by the menace of President McKinley of "benevolent assimilation," which meant remorseless conquest. When he made this threat he usurped the power of congress, which can alone determine what shall be the relations between this nation and those natives of a group of islands we have wrested from Spain.

We are for the American army and navy in every conflict they may be engaged in. We earnestly desire that victory shall always attend their struggles. Our soldier heroes have our admiration, our sympathy and our prayers; but if a just God will strike down arrogance and tyranny and greed wherever it controls nations, our army will never again be placed where the success of its arms will be the hauling down of the flag of freedom among a people whose only offense is that they desire to be free.

In conclusion we borrow from Colonel Hay's letter and say: "We take comfort in the reflection that no leaders can carry all their party into courses their judgment must condemn, and their hearts reject."

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SHE CARRIED THE OBELISK.

A Once Famous Vessel Which Is Now Used as a Coal Barge.

A vessel which was once a famous steamer, but is now a commonplace scowling coal barge, is in port loading for a New England port. The Desong, was built for the Khedive of Egypt in 1864 and named the Deuton. At that time she was considered one of the fastest and most beautifully appointed vessels afloat, and the khedive enjoyed her immensely for awhile. But he got tired of her, and in 1879 William H. Vanderbilt bought her to transport the obelisk from Egypt to Central park, New York. Lieutenant Commander Goring took command of her, having been detailed for the purpose by the United States government. The obelisk, which weighs 196 tons, was far from the shore line and buried, besides, deep in sand. It was altogether too heavy for ordinary machinery to be used, and it was carried down on immense platforms with cannon balls of the ship for rollers. Then it was placed in a crib fixed on a pontoon. The pontoon and ship were lifted in a graving drydock, head on to each other, and when this had been accomplished a hole 20 feet long and 12 feet high was cut in the starboard bow of the boat below the water line. Through this the great stone was rolled into the hold of the ship on a grove having an improvised ball bearing attachment, also made of cannon balls. Inside the obelisk was braced alone

the keelson and stout shoring fixed about it to make it immovable. After everything was made shipshape and the ribs and plates were fixed at the bow of the steamer she finally set sail for New York on June 12, 1880.—Baltimore American.

A New Mosquito. Newark has a new breed of mosquitoes. This appalling intelligence is gleaned from one of the papers published in that city. These new mosquitoes are not to be kept out of houses by any of the screens now in use. They are so small that they get into the rooms of the unhappy residents of the flourishing city on the Passaic river and bite them with a ferocity hitherto unknown even in the state which is famous for its mosquitoes. The doctors are trying to comfort the people by telling them that these mosquitoes will eat malaria germs with more avidity than the ordinary New Jersey breed, but the people are not satisfied. Some of them are declaring that their board of health ought to do something about it. Just how a board of health can consistently take action looking toward the extermination of any insect which will eat the germs of malaria is not explained.—New York Times.

"Yes, I want a man—a competent man," said the head of the firm. "Can you carry a message to Garcia?" "Sure," replied the applicant for a job. "Who's Garcia?"—Chicago Tribune.

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Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Enamel, which cures the skin to assume a girlish loveliness, mainly for evening use, 1.00	\$2.19	Mme. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm, a valuable skin food, and used in connection with the Bleach removes wrinkles, \$1.00	83c
Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder, .50	43c		

Remember, we will sell a bottle of MME. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH at \$1.65

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HUNTING FOR SNAILS.

THEIR SHELLS SOUGHT BY MANY COLLECTORS OF SPECIMENS.

The Experience of a Correspondent In East Tennessee, the Home of Some of the Most Eagerly Sought and Highly Prized Varieties.

[Special Correspondence.] JOLIET, Ill., Sept. 26.—There are some people who collect shells. As others collect riches these collect just shells—small shells, periwinkles, clams, conches, all kinds, and snails without shells. The streams and the seas are dredged, the deserts and mountains are ransacked, and even human toes are intruded for specimens. No lands are too hot, no seas too cold, no perils too hazardous. Other people jeopardize



LOG ROLLING FOR SNAILS.

health and life in the pursuit of wealth and fame. These will do as much for shells. Some collect all kinds, others marine shells only, or fresh water clams, or land snails, or the minute forms only. They are called conchologists or conchists, according to taste and circumstances. An attempt was made to change the title to malacologist, but it did not stick. Some are millionaires, and one of the best collectors is a stenographer. One of the most successful discoverers is the wife of a United States judge, one of the best authorities a farmer. Many are physicians or clergymen. I am positively the only journalist, author and poet in the business.

Including the fossils, there are about 50,000 known species. Specialists in fossils are paleontologists. Of land shells in the United States alone there are 375 species; of fresh water clams, about 1,000; of other fresh water shells, perhaps 200 or more. I don't know. I am only a specialist in land shells. Probably William L. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution and H. A. Pilbry of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences are the best living authorities upon land shells; Dr. V. Sterki of New Philadelphia, O., upon minute shells and William A. Marsh of Toledo, Ill., and Charles T. Simpson of the Smithsonian upon fresh water clams. Professor Pilbry is now completing a work commenced by the late Dr. Tryon, giving a description, illustrated, of every known shell. When completed, a copy of the hand printed edition will cost about \$1,000. New American species are still being discovered and described at the rate of about half a dozen per month.

Vying for beauty and variety with the marine shells come the tree or arched shells of our new possessions, Cuba and the Philippines. In marine shells I believe the southwest coast of Florida and the Mediterranean take the lead. In fresh water shells the states of Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky, followed by Ohio, Illinois and Kansas, are probably the best in the world. Of land shells upon the Pacific slope and in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina the collectors find their finest and greatest variety. The shells of the Pacific slope have variegated colors and a glazed surface. They are more like the land shells of Europe than of America. The clams are usually divided by mountain ranges. A professor will tell you, "This shell belongs to the Atlantic region, the Mississippi valley or the lake region, but one of these, one of the slowest. Unio complanatus, is found on the Atlantic slope, in the lake region, on both the east and western slopes of the Rocky mountains and again in Japan. Perhaps this shell is older than the mountains."

At Gamble's store in east Tennessee, in the month of July, wrapped in a 12 pound blanket, I lay in the bottom of a wagon bed gazing at the stars and the fireworks on Mount Noto. It was the first night of the season in camp, and sleep was out of the question. In truth, I was having a good time and did not want to sleep. Above the roar of the dam on Little river I could hear the hooting of a real owl on the real Chilhowee.

And how could I sleep if I wanted to? This was the land of the chilhoweenis. A dozen would be bagged before breakfast, and, besides, there are others. We did not, however, obtain any chilhoweenis specimens before breakfast, as we were not up in time, but our search was amply rewarded afterward.

The sparkling river where lo spinoza, with knobs like a conch, were feeding in the algae was a jeweled paradise, and I knew that in the dark gorges under those stately trees and ferny beds the chilhoweenis was slipping the dew. The chilhoweenis, or, more properly, Polygona sayi chilhoweenis, is the king of American land shells. It is only no inch and a half across at most, but to all collectors who find it roaming

about in its native wood it seems large as a dinner saucer, and they whoop like an Indian who has found a pie. Comparatively few collectors have so found it, for, as rarity, as well as beauty and size, is one of the factors giving it value to collectors. Mr. Clapp, a director in Carnegie's museum, had come to the Smokies all the way from Pittsburgh to join us from Joliet in its pursuit. But there were none caught before breakfast while in camp with these early risers. We wound along the banks of the river, through cuts in the sides of the mountain and passed through beautiful Tuckaleechee cove, where farms stood upon edge, the barns were all roof and martin guards swung in the wind. Here the housewives left their wash tubs and kettles by the stream, and the moonshiners upon his speedy horse passed by with two grain sacks full of corn. He was looking for a customer, though he told us he wanted to buy.

It was like a dream to us from the prairies—the trumpet vines and passion flowers, the enticing ferns, the mountains sticking through the clouds, and the road in the stream where blooming tulipodendrons, the hemlock and the tulip tree locked their arms overhead.

Passing a day or so in Cade's cove, where the wagon road ends, to unpack and arrange headquarters, we gathered in 20 chilhoweenis and as many more of the still rarer chryslis, together with many other good finds. The coves are among the best collecting grounds. The guides were then packed for Thunderhead.

Thunderhead is a storm swept point, and the clouds seldom leave it bare. The beeches and buckeyes, gnarled, dwarfed, moss grown and scarred all beyond recognition, are but the height of apple trees, although their trunks in size are those of forest trees. It is a fine pasture ground, however, for a closely united sod of blue grass covers the balds. Here it is that Charles Egbert Cuddocks's Ben Donks herded his flocks and Mink Lowrey met his death in the mist. Here Spence's cabin still stands, just stands (I did not say anything about a still), and herders herd their cattle, horses, hogs and sheep, and the air is full of jingling bells. "In the Clouds" tells the story, and tells it well. Her descriptions of the scenery are accurate and very grand to those who have seen the Balds.

It is altogether another world up here. We see the lights of Knoxville, 40 miles away, almost at our feet. The Cumberland peer above the clouds 125 miles distant. The mists hang over the rivers below, winding in and about a world of hills, mere threads of silver white. We were in that world we had looked so wonderfully up to from below. The Indians, too, camped along this backbone of earth, and their flint and pottery are scattered about the springs and upon the same camping places where now the pale face sportsmen pitch their tents. It is from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea here, too high for flies and mosquitoes and high enough to be cool in August, very cool at night.

From Thunderhead one of the mules was turned homeward, and "my lady" walked like a man the next day 12 miles to Mirey Ridge, then dared the laurel patches and caught speckled trout in the brooks of North Carolina. The trout were small, but the snails immense.

We camped in the very home of chilhoweenis. In clearing ground for the tent we found them and picked up a dozen Polygona andrewsiana. Two varieties of the latter were white, one banded and another cherry red. We also found Polygona clarkii and Stenotrema depilata and also Omphalinas andrewsiana, montivaga and subulana, those beautiful glassy snails, glistening like jewels and all rare.



IO SPIROSA.

valuable and peculiar to these mountains. Here we dug up the loose stones, which slid down hill when the earth burst open, and found two new varieties of gastropods in the thin earth, lamelliferous and clappet, minute forms, brilliant as garnets. We scraped the moss away from edges of large slabs or flags of stone, felt under them first with a stick for wild animals and snakes and then found another new subterranean form, named by Pilbry Polygona ferrisii, glistening cherry red in color, blending into green at the apex. It is half the size of chilhoweenis and is one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest, of the Tennessee shells. It is a grand place for shells, and our fern press, too, was soon filled. JAMES H. FERRISS.

Frightful Cruelty. "I never knew such a terribly cruel and vindictive man in my life." "What has he done?" "Why, he locked his wife in a room with a lot of beautiful gowns and bouquets and no looking glass."—Chicago Post.

Mattie's Floating Island. The town of Liberty has a floating island which is quite a natural curiosity. The island contains about 100 acres. It does not float around for the reason that there is not space for it to do so, but is rises 10 or 12 feet during the freshets of fall and spring and falls back to solid pasture land during the drought of summer. Spruce trees 50 feet tall grow upon it.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

MARRIED HAPPINESS is dependent upon the health of the wife more than on any other thing. If a woman is troubled in a distinctly feminine way, the nerves of her body are in a state of chronic irritation. She has headache and backache. She is listless and spiritless. She is cross and blue. She feels that life is not worth living and her temper reflects the condition of her nerves. Poor, suffering wife—poor, distracted husband! If the husband is a cheerful, good-humored man he will sympathize—if he is nervous, tired and irritable himself, he will probably go off to the club or seek elsewhere more congenial company.

A sick woman is to be pitied because she is miserable and because she has not yet learned that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well. The "Favorite Prescription" was developed over thirty years ago in the regular practice of Dr. R. B. Pierce, who was then, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Since then it has been used by millions of women and has brought health, happiness and contentment to as many homes.

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Fuller, Esq., of Allamont, Grady Co., Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and sent to the drug store, got one bottle and the first dose gave me sleep. She had not slept for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken was sound and well. We now have a fine boy at our house."

The "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and no opium or other narcotic, and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Daily; all others daily except Sunday. Central Standard Time.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.			
Union Depot, Market St.			
Going North.			
No. 24	Columbus express.	6:00 am	
No. 25	From Millersburg.	8:07 am	
No. 26	Columbus fast mail.	8:15 am	

Going South.			
No. 27	Col. City.	8:00 am	
No. 28	To Millersburg only.	8:05 am	
No. 29	Col. City express (F+).	9:00 am	

ERIE RAILROAD CO.			
Erie Depot, Mill st.			
Time Card: Dec. 11, 1906.			
Going West.			
No. 10	Express.	6:00 am	
No. 11	Limited vestibule.	7:00 am	
No. 12	Express.	8:00 am	
No. 13	To Akron only.	8:05 am	
No. 14	Huntington special (F+).	8:10 am	
No. 15	To Erie only.	8:15 am	
No. 16	Accommodation.	8:20 am	

Going East.			
No. 17	Limited vestibule.	1:30 pm	
No. 18	Express.	2:30 pm	
No. 19	New York special.	3:30 pm	
No. 20	Chautauque express.	4:30 pm	
No. 21	Accommodation.	4:40 pm	
(+)+ Except Monday and days after Sept. 1st.			

G. T. & V. R. R.			
Going North.			
How. St. Union. Akron.			
No. 44	6:40 am	8:00 am	10:00 am
No. 45	7:20 am	8:40 am	10:40 am
No. 46	1:10 pm	1:50 pm	3:40 pm
No. 47	2:50 pm	3:30 pm	5:40 pm
No. 48	5:20 pm	6:15 pm	8:15 pm

Going South.			
No. 49	8:40 am	9:00 am	9:10 am
No. 50	12:10 pm	12:20 pm	12:30 pm
No. 51	4:30 pm	4:55 pm	5:00 pm
No. 52	10:50 am	11:00 am	11:10 am
No. 53	7:35 pm	7:50 pm	8:00 pm

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RY.			
Myron T. Herrick, Robert Bicknander, receivers. Time card: Nov. 19, 1906.			
	No1	No2	No3
	am	pm	
blede (Union depot).....	7:15	1:20	
encer.....	10:15	4:25	
odi.....	10:21	4:40	
reston.....	10:49	4:54	
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astello.....	11:50	5:48	5:50